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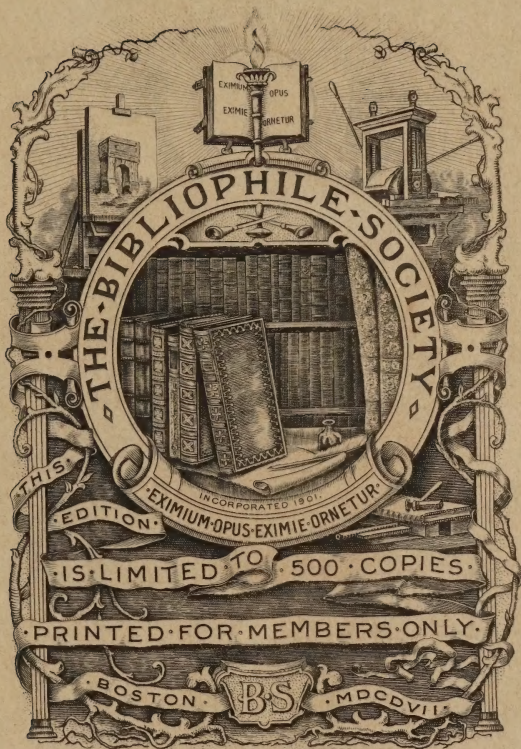
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THE YOUNG BIBLIOPHILE

*Etching by W. H. W. BICKNELL, after original painting
by Isabey. Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Charles
Hamilton Paine.*

"WAYFARERS ON THE DUSTY ROAD
BY SHADED WELLS THEIR HEAVY LOAD
UNDOING REST AWHILE, AND THEN
PASS ON RESTORED. — WHAT CAUSE OF TEARS, O MEN?"

SIXTH
YEAR BOOK



THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY
• BOSTON •

PRINTED FOR MEMBERS ONLY

1907

W. F. Appleton, Des. &c.

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COUNCIL'S REPORT

COUNCIL FOR 1907

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

CHARLES E. HURD

HENRY CABOT LODGE

WILLIAM D. T. TREFRY

WILLIAM P. TRENT

HENRY H. HARPER

J. ARNOLD FARRER

OFFICERS—1907

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NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

VICE-PRESIDENT

CHARLES E. HURD

TREASURER

HENRY H. HARPER

SECRETARY

J. ARNOLD FARRER

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

BE IT KNOWN, That whereas Nathan Haskell Dole, Henry H. Harper, Charles E. Hurd, J. Arnold Farrer, William D. T. Trefry, John Paul Bocock, and W. P. Trent have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY, for the purpose of the study and promotion of the arts pertaining to fine book making and illustrating, and to the occasional publication of specially designed and illustrated books for distribution among its members at a minimum cost of production, and have complied with the provisions of the statutes of this Commonwealth in such case made and provided, as appears from the certificate of the President, Treasurer, and Directors of said corporation, duly approved by the Commissioner of Corporations, and recorded in this office :

NOW, THEREFORE, I, William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby certify that said Nathan Haskell Dole, Henry H. Harper, Charles E. Hurd, J. Arnold Farrer, William D. T. Trefry, John Paul Bocock, and W. P. Trent, their associates and successors, are legally organized and established as and are hereby made an existing corporation under the name of THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY, with the powers, rights, and privileges, and subject to the limitations, duties, and restrictions which by law appertain thereto.

{ L. S. }

WITNESS my official signature hereunto subscribed, and the seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts hereunto affixed, this fifth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

(Signed)

WM. M. OLIN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

COUNCIL'S REPORT

DURING the past year the Society's work has progressed very satisfactorily. We have finished the publication of the Letters of Charles Lamb; the last volumes, however, not having been delivered until February, 1907, shortly after the completion and delivery of the three-volume Thoreau publication. It is not necessary to comment upon works that have already been placed in the hands of the members, further than to observe that the Council is much gratified with the unusual number of pleasant and appreciative letters received from members during the past year. These flattering letters give encouragement to the hope that the last publications have been quite up to the high standard of the Society's previous issues.

The calendar of works now in course of preparation is decidedly attractive. Two items of singular interest will be issued contemporaneously with the present Year Book: "The Romance of John Howard Payne, Mary Woll-

stonecraft Shelley, and Washington Irving," in one thin volume; and in a separate publication the Council has issued two heretofore unpublished poetical compositions, — a ballad, entitled *Godfrey of Boulogne*, by Henry D. Thoreau (the only ballad he ever wrote), and a poem, entitled *Musings*, by William Cullen Bryant. These are printed on genuine Roman parchment, and also reproduced in facsimile, with full-page illustrations after original paintings in oil by Messrs. Ross Turner and J. A. Williams.

The "Varick Court of Inquiry" is in type, and the illustrations are all finished. Crane & Co. are now engaged in manufacturing a special lot of the finest quality of heavy parchment bond paper on which this work will be printed. The volume will be ready to deliver in the fall of 1907. There are numerous etchings and facsimiles, and altogether the work will be one of the most important of the Society's issues.

We have recently received from Mr. Bixby an excessively valuable collection of unpublished holograph letters and manuscripts (by far the most costly item we have ever had), which will undoubtedly be the Society's *chef d'œuvre*, both in literary importance and artistic embellishments. There are suf-

ficient reasons why neither the name of the author nor the nature of the manuscripts can be mentioned at this time. The work is being edited by a learned professor of English literature in Harvard University, and the volume will be placed in the hands of members in the spring of 1908.

The "Geddes Burns," which has been in hand for more than a year, will not be ready until the fall of 1908.

Other works are receiving the attention of the Council, but the date of their delivery is so far distant that detailed mention of them will be reserved until another year.

It is worthy of special note that scarcely a copy of any of the Society's publications has come to the auction block during the past fall and winter. To use a stock phrase, this would indicate that they are in "strong hands," also appreciative ones.

THE COUNCIL

BOOKS AND BIBLIOPHILES
THE DISPERSION OF PRIVATE LIBRARY
COLLECTIONS

BOOKS AND BIBLIOPHILES
THE DISPERSION OF PRIVATE LIBRARY
COLLECTIONS

BY HENRY H. HARPER

ONE of the leading characteristic incentives of most book-collectors is to possess books which are unique or in some way different from those owned by their fellow-collectors. If by some misfortune a whole edition were to perish, except one copy, the owner of that copy would never tire of boasting over his possession, no matter if a dozen editions were afterwards issued. He would at least have the only copy of the *first edition*.

There have been instances where books have been purchased and destroyed by zealous collectors in order that the existing copies might become more scarce and valuable. There are many books the chief glory in the ownership of which lies in the consciousness of their scarcity; hence the greater value generally attached to limited editions,—when the significance of this term is fully realized.

The numerous fanciful ideas of book col-

lectors have encouraged publishers and private presses in all sorts of freakish notions in book-making. Various styles of odd types are invented, not because they are beautiful, or that they possess any apparent virtue, but because they are queer and unlike other more readable types. Grotesque ideas of bookmaking may feed upon the fancy for a time, but it is safe to say that books printed in plain, legible type, on good paper, and made up with due regard to the consistencies of ordinary bookmaking will always hold their own, and ultimately triumph over whimsical fantasies, which are generally of ephemeral duration.

Although in the publications of The Bibliophile Society a variety of types have been employed, they have been of recognized and acceptable standards, and, in selecting type, legibility has been the first consideration. While we may introduce an original idea now and then in a modern book, resulting in a genuine improvement, due care must be observed that the innovations be not too violent, nor wholly adverse to the usual forms established by conservative precedents.

It frequently happens that club books and other privately printed editions of which there are but a few copies issued are in some respects inferior to other publications designed

for wider circulation¹; but it will be remembered that in proportion as the number of sets is reduced the expense per copy is correspondingly increased, and in order not to have the cost appear disproportionately, if not ridiculously, high, the edition of only a few copies is usually to a greater or less extent divested of the chief attractive features of bookmaking, such as specially designed and engraved title-pages, etched or photogravure illustrations, facsimile reproductions, etc. All of these features add greatly to the cost, although they are always attractive and valuable accompaniments in bookmaking. It is far better, however, that they be omitted entirely from the limited edition than that the eye be offended by the insertion of cheap process reproductions. Beautiful specimens of presswork on fine handmade paper will condone for the absence of pictorial illustrations and other accessories, but the combined skill of all the artists and engravers in the country could not retrieve a book which has been poorly printed from inappropriate type on inferior paper, with ill-balanced pages set within scanty margins.

It is curious to observe that in announcing a new book which is to have a very restricted

¹ This condition, however, does not apply to the Bibliophile publications, for the policy has always been to spare no needed expense in their proper embellishment.—H. H. H.

circulation, and is designed to appeal chiefly to so-called collectors, an enterprising publisher will sometimes put forth as one of the conspicuous and essentially desirable qualities the fact that the work is printed on an "old-fashioned hand press." There is about as much justification for a publisher who advertises a book as having been printed on a "hand press" as there would be for a modern milling concern to proclaim a special brand of flour made from wheat that had been cut with a sickle, threshed out with a flail, and ground with a pair of old-fashioned millstones, turned by hand power. A sack of flour, if made a hundred years ago by primitive methods such as were then in vogue, would (were it possible to preserve it) be an interesting relic of the past, but antiquities are of little worth when they are of modern manufacture.

It is ridiculous to suppose that better printing can be done on a rickety old hand press, or even a modern hand press, than may be obtained from the modern cylinder press or the Adams press, embodying the most perfect development of mechanical skill.¹ It is true

¹ Apprehending that my remarks upon this subject may antagonize the firmly grounded convictions of many of my esteemed book-loving friends, I have taken the precaution to get the views of Mr. Theodore L. DeVinne, the most distinguished authority in this country on types and printing, and his interesting remarks are printed as an appendix at the end of this article.—H. H. H.

that the hasty and perfunctory work turned out by some of the printers nowadays does not compare favorably with the deliberate and painstaking labor employed in producing some of the old masterpieces of printing that have been handed down to us; but such inferior work is not fairly representative of the present improved facilities for good presswork. While Caxton, Wynkin de Worde and a few others were masters of their craft in their own day, their work would not be equal to the demands of the present age.

Cheap commercial printing done in forms carrying thirty-two or sixty-four pages is an entirely different proposition from fine work, where only eight or sixteen pages are run together. A vastly more competent set of pressmen are required for the finer work, more expensive ink is used, more time and care are required, and the cost is multiplied several times. It will be remembered, moreover, that, since it is usually the best that survives longest, the models of printing preserved from the early days were exceptional pieces in their own time. A verification of this fact will be found by any one who will take the trouble to examine the average specimens of early printing.

There are some discerning persons who bemoan the fact that it is utterly impossible to

do as good printing now as they did hundreds of years ago. I have seen devoted booklovers draw their hands caressingly over the pages of some old masterpiece, with the accompanying remark that "such work has never been equaled by modern presses." It is all sheer imagination. Their bookish love for some antiquated darling has blinded their vision to whatever imperfections it may have, and carried the object of their devotion beyond the boundaries of comparison, just as every man imagines the girl of his choice to be the most perfect and incomparable flower in the garden of civilization; and as long as *he* thinks so, why should others dispute his claim? he couldn't be convinced to the contrary,—for the time being, at least.

It would be manifestly cruel to attempt the disenchantment of a zealous bibliomaniac who raves over the typographical beauties and other superior qualities of some old almanac. If those modern books which are presumptively made for the gratification of the bibliophile fall short of some of the old paragons of printing, when judged by a disenthralled mind, it is either because a poor printer has been employed, or because a good one has been poorly paid.

There is a strong predilection on the part of

most of us to pay undue homage to the dogmas and ideals of bygone times, and to reverence especially those mixed metaphors and anomalies of speech which are not readily understandable. We are prone to resign ourselves to many old customs and standards of doubtful consistency, merely because they were inherited from our forefathers and taught to us by our instructors, without stopping to consider whether they are sane or not. The extent to which delusive ideas are sometimes overindulged in our blind adoration of the works of ancient writers may be practically illustrated by relating a recent circumstance by which I put the question to a test.

I composed a verse of a few lines which I showed to a friend who enjoys the distinction of being a literary critic of rather more than ordinary calibre. I told him that it was an important literary "find," and that it had been copied from a manuscript of great antiquity discovered in an old library in some obscure part of Europe; that owing to some inadvertency it had never been printed with the published works of its author. My friend read it over once rather hurriedly, and again, more deliberately and with apparent avidity. He complimented me upon my good fortune in having found it, and remarked, — "I don't

know why it is that the works of poets of the present day are so inferior to those of the past. Now," he continued, "it would be impossible to find such poetry as that in the writings of any modern poet." And I presume he was right.

There is a very prevalent (and I think oftentimes mistaken) impression that great antiquity is an almost certain indication of merit; although Emerson said, —

Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the *antique* and future worlds.

In the poetical effusions of the past we are continually discovering new interpretations and recondite meanings of which the authors themselves probably never dreamed. Since they were only mortal men, there is but little excuse for those inquisitive persons who are perpetually probing for obscure significations in their verses, and drawing therefrom fanciful deductions which border on the supernatural. The ambiguity and obtuseness of certain parts of many poetical compositions are undoubtedly such as will admit of almost any construction that the reader may wish to place upon them (and indeed we are not always obliged to resort to the works of *ancient* writers in order to verify this fact); but all that the poet really

meant, if he had any clearly defined idea in his own mind, is usually manifest to the reader of average intelligence, and vague conjectures upon the part of students implying superhuman tendencies in the author are therefore wholly gratuitous.

A medley of words is often played upon by a writer in order to span the interval from one rational idea to another, just as a tuneful opera will contain some connecting parts which are far from melodious.

It is absurd to contend that the writers of antiquity were any more inspired than are the best writers of to-day. It would be no less ridiculous to assume that the typesetters and printers were also inspired personages because a few misguided people imagine that their work has never been equaled in modern times.

If literary anglers who cast their lines deep down into the poetry of the past in search of some startling revelation would set their corks for shallower water and confine their scrutiny to nearer the surface, they would probably obtain more accurate estimates of the *raison d'être*. In this connection I am reminded of a recent episode which may be opportunely related.

A short time ago I employed an artist to make a pen drawing of an old bibliophile standing before an open fireplace, with his back to

the fire, so deeply engrossed in a book that he was oblivious of the fact that his long coat tails had caught fire and were burning briskly. The subject was rather interesting, and I had the artist make a large oil painting of it. He employed sufficiently lurid colors to depict the flames, which were rapidly consuming the bibliophile's vestment, while he read on unperturbed. This was the central figure, and the remainder of the picture consisted merely of unimportant accessories. After the painting was finished the artist desired to show it to some of his friends, and so retained it for a few days during which time it occupied a central position in his studio, and was much admired and commented upon. One day a friend came to the studio and was looking around at the various pictures, when finally his eye rested on the latest masterpiece; and as he stood gazing intently at the subject, the artist drew himself up with pardonable self-complacency and awaited some expression of approval. Presently the friend turned to him in apparent astonishment and remarked, "Why, the man's coat tail is afire!" The picture was not of a modern bibliophile.

Returning again to our subject, and referring now more particularly to prose writers and historical novelists, it has often happened that

a writer has produced one or two literary masterpieces upon which his fame and immortality securely rest, whereas a large portion of his works, both earlier and later, would be classed as mediocre if set apart to stand solely upon their separate merits. A sudden inspiration of genius will sometimes produce an immortal work and set for the author a standard which he may never again succeed in equaling. Let it not be supposed that because the Muses have once been kind, their continued favor can be relied upon with assurance. Thalia is a shy and coquettish goddess, and is not famed for her constancy. She is not therefore likely always to be at hand when needed.

There is an undue tendency to imagine that almost every line from the pen of a writer who has attained a great name should be deemed beyond criticism ; but there is no more foundation for this exorbitant notion than there is to suppose that every act and thought in the life of a good man is wholly irreproachable. After a man is gone, we usually try to forget those acts or characteristics in his life which were incompatible with his more dominant and exemplary qualities. Why, then, should not the same rule apply to the inferior works of authors and artists ?

The fame of an author is even made retro-

active in its bearing upon his early literary efforts, and all of his juvenile and experimental productions (no matter how commonplace they may have appeared "before his fame had ripened," as Charles Lamb says) assume an air of great importance when through some unusual display of genius he has sprung into popular favor. The publisher will then search out and print every unimportant thesis of the author's school-days; — every recorded infantile reverie immediately assumes a highly important aspect. Readers will forthwith begin to discover hidden meanings and merits in all the desultory compositions, and the whole of the author's works, both good and bad, become suddenly diffused with the most classical flavor; the great horde of new adorers will marvel at their own stupidity in not discovering his genius before it was born.

As the discovery of the sources of great rivers is of the utmost interest to the geographer, so is it true that all of the early pieces constitute extremely useful biographical helps in the study of an author's life and career, and especially in retracing the successive incidents and early struggles along his path to fame. First editions of these are likewise valuable *desiderata* for wealthy collectors to toy with. But this affords no cogent reason why a person in

search of a library edition should feel obliged to buy fifty or sixty volumes of a work when the contents of no more than twenty or thirty of them are especially desirable. A famous philosopher once said that "a writer is quite as often compelled to write, that he may fill an empty column as that he may relieve an over-filled brain."

The late practice of publishers in issuing costly uniform editions of the entire collected works of the historical novelists who have written at great length has been the means of filling with dismay numberless possible buyers; more particularly those who are lacking either in funds or library space, — and most people are deficient in one or the other, or indeed both. A person of modest means and with ambitions to equip the home with a library soon becomes discouraged with the undertaking, for the reason that before gathering complete editions of one-half of the standard writers the available space is all filled, and the cost has run far beyond outside calculations. In these times of rapid evolution we scarcely get a set of books comfortably installed in the library before a publishers' agent comes along with a new and more complete edition and tells us that ours is antiquated and out of date. It might be a timely hint to suggest to publishers that they

devote more energy to the making of fine editions of the best selected works of the more prolific writers, so that discriminating book-buyers could procure desirable copies of such as they want without being compelled to purchase others which they do not want.

If it now costs \$130,000 to buy a set of the latest edition of the complete works of Charles Dickens, which is issued in one hundred and thirty volumes, it might be interesting to guess what a *complete* set of Kipling could be made to cost a hundred years hence. The human imaginative powers have their limitations, and are not sufficiently elastic to indulge in any such extravagant conjectures, although the wildest fancies of to-day may appear tame and commonplace when measured by the standards of the book publishers of the future.

It is an incontrovertible fact that with many readers the author's name carries more weight as a factor in determining the merit of a composition than what the composition itself really contains. This has been proved by many trial tests; and very recently it was exemplified in taking a story by a renowned writer, and changing the names and places, after which it was offered to the magazines. Not a single one of them regarded it as having sufficient merit to

be printed; and yet any of them would gladly have paid a fabulous sum for it had not the name of the author been changed. His name alone would have insured its acceptance by any magazine or publisher without even consulting the literary censor.¹ This sort of servile veneration has encouraged writers of late years to venture unduly upon their reputations; and it is not uncommon for the writings of modern novelists to occupy thirty to sixty large volumes, as will be seen by the list which appears a little further along. It would almost exceed the boundaries of reason to conceive that any person could, within the customary allotted lifetime, produce so great a number of volumes of a high order of literature.

A leader among men may appeal to his advisers for counsel upon an important undertaking, but he will reserve the right to weigh the relevancy of the advice before determining upon final action. He may adopt one or more valuable ideas suggested by any one counsellor without feeling obliged to accept other less expedient persuasions of the same person. Likewise, in selecting books for the library, we may choose from the works of several authors one or more of the best pro-

¹ It is by no means certain, however, that the literary editors of the magazines discredited themselves in the least, or that anything more than ordinary vigilance was exercised.

ductions, or such as appeal most forcibly to our tastes, without feeling ourselves burdened with the necessity of encumbering our library shelves with numberless volumes of rambling disquisitions in which we have no interest.

To what longevity would we aspire if we should hope to read and digest sixty volumes of Dumas, fifty-five volumes of Balzac, fifty-four volumes of Dickens, fifty volumes of Hugo, sixty volumes of Scott, thirty volumes of Thackeray, forty volumes of Bulwer Lytton, not to mention the recent hundred-volume edition of Paul de Kock, and a hundred other works ranging in extent from ten to fifty volumes each? The complete works of the eminent American writers alone would provide reading for a lifetime, and yet not one of them is enumerated in the foregoing list.

If the future generations do not adopt the "weeding out" process, and observe a higher degree of discrimination in the choice of books than prevails to-day they will surely require more commodious library quarters, as well as more bountiful purses, in order to gratify a fondness for book-collecting. However, Nature generally provides her own remedies: time corrects many evils, and as stagnant and impure water cast into the stream purifies itself in its onward flow, so will the true germs of litera-

ture survive the chaff, which will in due process of time wither and become lost in oblivion.

It is a mistake to imagine that in order to be well appointed a library must contain "complete collected editions" of all of these voluminous writers. The best compositions of all the authors mentioned here, together with practically the whole of the choicest literature extant, both ancient and modern, can be accommodated within the space of a moderate-sized library room, and at a cost less than one-tenth of the price demanded for a single copy of a recent edition of the works of Charles Dickens.

While it may be safe to assume that the apotheosized writers of the past have justly earned their laurels, it does not follow as a necessary consequence that we should blindly and unreservedly accept their entire works as indispensable library companions.

It is not my purpose in this chatty discourse to trespass upon any of the functions which belong properly to the lecturer or critic, but it has frequently struck me as a regrettable oversight that some one did not give a few of the English and French novelists a hint on the virtues of brevity and compactness. The fullest enjoyment of a good story is often sacrificed by too frequent digressions. When deeply en-

grossed in an entertaining book we do not like to be interrupted every few minutes by an unwelcome caller or by other untimely distractions, and no more do we like to have the author continually bothering us by leaving the trend of the story and carrying us off to first one place and then another where he may have an imaginary errand in which we haven't the slightest concern, and from which we are impatient to return to our story. We are not in the mood upon such occasions to enjoy long tedious descriptions of irrelevant persons, objects, and places, and lofty flights of rhetorical fancy. We are anxious to continue our journey, and we do not relish being sidetracked every now and then for no better excuse than that the engineer has gone butterfly chasing across the fields.

Some say we have no right to criticize, when we could do no better ourselves. It would be equally absurd to maintain that we should have no voice in the building of a house which we are to live in, because we are not skilled in the knowledge of how to mix the mortar and lay the foundation stones. Authors write to live, — they do not live to write ; hence they are the servants of those to whom they look for patronage, just as we are all servants of the ones upon whom we are dependent for support

or favor in one way or another. If readers would do more individual thinking, and assert themselves, it would be the means of giving authors a cue, and also of discouraging those who having acquired something of a reputation proceed to market their multifarious products at so much per yard.

Lowell said that we are too much inclined to "become what we habitually read. We let our newspapers think for us, argue for us, criticize for us, remember for us, do everything for us, in short, that will save us from the misfortune of being *ourselves*. And so, instead of men and women, we find ourselves in a world inhabited by incarnated leaders, or paragraphs, or items of this or that journal. We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of two centuries ago. . . . We spend more time over print than they did, but instead of communing with the choice thought of choice spirits, and insensibly acquiring the grand manner of that supreme society, we diligently inform ourselves of such facts as that a fine horse belonging to Mr. Smith ran away on Wednesday, and that a son of Mr. Brown fell into the canal on Thursday, or that a gravel bank fell in and buried Patrick O'Callahan on Friday.¹ And it is our

¹ If the distinguished writer thus found cause for complaint in 1855, imagine his horror if he could behold some of the scare-lines

own fault, and not that of the editor. For *we* make the newspapers, and the editor would be glad to give us better stuff if we did not *demand* such as this.

“Another evil of this state of things is the watering, or milk-and-watering, of our English. Writing to which there is no higher compelling destiny than the coming of the printer’s devil must end in this at last. The paragraphist must make his paragraph, and the longer he makes it, the better for him and the worse for us. The virtue of words becomes wholly a matter of length. Accordingly, we have now no longer any fires, but ‘disastrous conflagrations;’ nobody dies, but ‘deceases’ or ‘demises;’ men do not fall from houses, but are ‘precipitated from mansions or edifices;’ a convict is not hanged, but ‘suffers the extreme penalty of the offended law,’ etc.”

of modern Yellow Journalism! And still, as he says, the people demand it, or it would not be so.

THE DISPERSION OF PRIVATE LIBRARY COLLECTIONS

THE disposition to be made of private libraries after the death of those by whom they are established is a subject of vital interest to bibliophiles. There is a firmly grounded conviction in the minds of many persons that valuable private collections of books and manuscripts should not be dispersed; that the Public Library, the Historical Society, or the Museum should be the ultimate destination of all such accumulations, where they may be kept intact as a monument to the skill and devotion of the owners. With all due respect to the tender sympathies and sentimentalities of such persons, I am forced to disagree with this view.

The consignment of a collection of rare books to a public institution, encompassed by the usual restrictions governing such bequests is practically the equivalent of a ceremonious interment, for they are seldom viewed except by an occasional curiosity seeker. A booklover's library treasures are generally re-

garded as his friends and companions. Is it desirable that when a man dies his friends and companions shall be simultaneously buried, or even denied the privilege of affiliating with other surviving comrades? Is it not better that one's book friends, as well as his animate friends, be allowed to seek other admirers and environments among the living, and go on from one to another, contributing to the happiness of humanity as they have done in the past? Beautiful books are made for the delectation, enlightenment, and companionship of the human race, — not to be hoarded in dark places as a rendezvous for bugs and other vermin. If only one or two copies of a meritorious book be known to exist, of course it is important that at least one be placed in some public repository where it may be safeguarded from destruction by fire or otherwise.

It is a highly commendable act of charity to bequeath an accumulation of scientific works or other serviceable books to a public institution where they may render ready and continued service to those who are unable to equip themselves with the necessary working libraries, but this is entirely different from the act of storing away rarities and superlative examples of the bookmaker's art, the chief

delights of which lie in their actual ownership. In addition to the serviceable books with which the ordinary private library is usually equipped, every booklover has a few choice "show-books," in the mere possession of which there is a triumphant delight; and there is always the added joy of showing them to friends and others of congenial tastes.

It may be argued by the non-bookloving inheritor of a library that it would be a sacrilege to destroy a monument in the construction of which a lifetime has been devotedly spent, and that the act of scattering a library would imply a lack of decent respect for the diligent and painstaking exertions of the builder; and yet if by dispersing the structural parts of one monument which has served the purpose for which it was erected, the foundations of a hundred others may be greatly strengthened, the act would appear to be justifiable. Every collector should remember that many of the facilities he has enjoyed in garnering his books would have been denied him had not other collections been dispersed.

A booklover will usually take pains to explain, when showing some volume which caused a lively scrimmage among bidders in the auction room, where he came off victorious, that "This is from the collection of

the distinguished Mr. ——." "See," he will remark, as he raises the front cover, "here is his bookmark." He has probably been waiting years for that particular book to turn up somewhere, and he is prouder of his achievement in having distanced his rivals in the pursuit of it than he would be had he made a thousand times its cost in some business venture. The collection from which his copy was procured may have contained a hundred other treasures of equal desirability, and for which a multitude of collectors had long lain in ambush, hoping that they would some time make their appearance in the open market.

The highest compliment that can be paid to the discriminating taste and unerring judgment of a bibliophile is that his library possessions be made the objects of spirited contest among bidders in the auction room. One of the keenest delights of every unselfish book collector should be the comforting thought that after his demise his cherished books will find a comfortable resting-place amidst congenial surroundings. It is inconceivable that a bibliophile could be so selfish as wilfully to entomb his collection beyond the reach of his fellow-booklovers, for the sole purpose of denying others the pleasures that he has enjoyed. It would almost seem that the images of

the books themselves would rise up before him and protest against such a perpetual imprisonment.

I once heard a man remark that he intended that his books should go to some public institution, because, he said, he did not propose to leave his valuable books for others to "paw over." This reasoning strikes me as being illogical, for nothing short of bigotry would cause one to imagine himself the only person competent to judge and appreciate the value of good books, and to take proper care of them.

In disposing of the library, a booklover parts with that which, next to his family, is usually dearest to his heart, and for this reason its future welfare is generally a matter of earnest solicitude; particularly if those to whom his worldly goods are to be left do not happen to inherit his own impulses in this direction. Of course if any member of the family participates in his bookloving propensities, the library should by all means be kept intact; but rather than eject the books from their comfortable home and cart them off to be incarcerated within the walls of some public institution, it is better that they be sent at once to the auction room, where they may be dispersed and placed with those who will treasure them as they were treasured

by their former owner; then the public libraries and other institutions would have an opportunity to purchase such items as they desired.

If a generous bibliophile wishes to do something handsome for a favorite Public Library or Historical Society, an excellent plan would be for him to direct that his own collection be sold (only in case the family does not share his bookish tendencies) and the proceeds applied as an endowment fund to be drawn upon by the trustees for the purchase of such works as come within their needs and means. By this method other booklovers are given an opportunity of enriching their collections, and the public institution, instead of being encumbered with a lot of books for which it has but little if any practical use, and probably no adequate room, is at liberty to expend the proceeds in a manner befitting its requirements. Public Libraries frequently acquire by gift a number of copies of some valuable book, but with such restrictions that it is impossible to dispose of any of them. The following pertinent extract from the will of the distinguished Edmond de Goncourt is copied from the back of one of the Anderson Auction Company's catalogues:—

My wish is that my Drawings, my Prints, my Curiosities, my Books — in a word these things of art which

have been the joy of my life — shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum, and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by ; but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the Auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again, in each case, to some inheritor of my own tastes.

Not a great many years ago it was a common occurrence for Caxtons, first folio Shakespeares, and numerous other items of greater or less importance to come to the auction block, but these have nearly all disappeared into collections which are not likely ever to be dispersed. There are very few of us who now get even a sight of the rarities of a hundred years ago, and the hope of possessing them would indeed be forlorn. Most of the rare books mentioned by Dibdin are buried in oblivion, as far as the would-be purchaser is concerned, and we must be content to read of them and marvel at the short-sightedness of our forefathers in not “picking them up” with more avidity. However, there are more obtainable books now which will be extremely valuable fifty years hence than there were all together a hundred years ago. There are quantities of first editions easily procurable now, but which in another generation will be difficult to obtain. The issues of our

own Bibliophile Society will doubtless take their place among the books that will live and find a hospitable welcome with the book-collectors of future generations.

In closing, I may add that since the museum is the logical repository for curiosities and monstrosities, I will except from those books which should not be placed therein certain specimens of modern book-curios made for the use of a class of so-called "agents" as an apologetic means in their attempts to relieve wealthy men and women of large sums of money, — the amounts ranging sometimes as high as \$150,000, — depending upon the resources and presumable gullibility of the victim.

A few years ago I heard of a man who had accumulated a very good library of the works of standard authors issued in good editions by various reputable publishing houses. He had perhaps twelve to fifteen thousand dollars' worth of desirable books. One day he was approached by a pompous personage, "just over from London," — who had some of the outward manifestations of a gentleman, — and was induced to subscribe for a very costly set of books, in part payment for which he gave a considerable portion of the books in his library (on most of which he was allowed liberal fictitious premiums), and the balance, amounting

to several thousand dollars, was to be paid in cash, on the instalment plan. After he had made a few payments, another agent came along and inveigled him into taking a much more expensive set of books, the agreement being that the high-priced set which the first man had sold him, together with mostly all of the remainder of his other books, should be accepted as part payment, — all being credited at figures greatly above their cost, in order to mislead the purchaser into thinking that he was making a handsome profit. The sum still to be paid, however, was much in excess of the combined cost of the original library and the first expensive set purchased. The victim was eventually forced into bankruptcy, and besides having lost his whole library he was still in debt many thousands of dollars for a set of books, of which only a small portion had been delivered.

I should like to extend this article so as to include a few remarks upon the personalities of three or four noteworthy bibliophiles of the past and present, but lack of both time and space prohibit more extended observations at this time. We are all consciously indebted, however, to one bibliophile in particular, and of whom our unstinted tribute of praise deserves here to be permanently recorded.

In the person of Mr. W. K. Bixby, the

present generation has produced a man who is in many respects a unique character in the world's history of bibliophiles; he is a veritable conception of the Maecenas and Jean Grolier types combined in one; and the members of The Bibliophile Society have been so fortunate as to become the beneficiaries of his singular munificence. The abundant wealth which he has laid as a requisition upon manuscripts of merit, both published and unpublished, has been the means of bringing from obscure hiding places a great number of items which have proved to be of inestimable literary and historical worth, and which might otherwise have been destroyed or lost forever.

Although Mr. Bixby has built a special fire-proof room in his commodious home wherein to preserve these treasures from destruction, this has not been deemed a sufficient preservative measure against their ultimate loss to the world, and at the aggregate expense of a moderate fortune he has printed a number of them privately, and presented copies to friends, libraries, and Historical Societies throughout the land.¹ All this has been done

¹ A few weeks ago a copy of Mr. Bixby's privately issued two-volume edition of the *Diary of Aaron Burr*, printed without abridgment from the original MS. in his possession, sold by auction in New York for \$154.00. The copy had belonged to the late Mr. Elwell, of Rochester, N. Y., whose library was recently dispersed through the auction-room.

quietly, and without any blaring of trumpets. He has, moreover, given a large number of unprinted manuscripts exclusively to The Bibliophile Society to print, in order that his fellow-bibliophiles might share the enjoyment of his priceless treasures, and, furthermore, that printed copies thereof may be disseminated for the benefit of posterity. His generous benefactions have been the means of enriching hundreds of public and private libraries all over the country; and the most charming phase of his generosity is that his gifts, whether to individuals or to organizations, are always unconditional, and unaccompanied by any restrictions or injunctions. It is doubtful if any generation has ever produced a more munificent, broad-minded, and unobtrusive bibliophile; certainly these ascendant qualities in Mr. Bixby are unrivalled in the present age. Future generations of booklovers, also, will have ample cause to applaud his fame, which —

“ Will be growing, always growing
In posterity's acclaim; ”

and the numerous and enduring evidences of his unselfish generosity and benefits to mankind will add —

“ Freshness and vigor to the praise
His name shall reap in after days.”

New York, December 5, 1906.

Mr. H. H. Harper,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Harper,—I hasten to acknowledge with thanks your last kind note. It pleases me much to know that you are going to combat some of the foolish prejudices of book collectors. What you have written is entirely satisfactory. I have nothing to correct, but I may have some little to add, from a printer's point of view. This addition I will make as soon as I can collect my thoughts, which are rather scattered just now, when I will return what you have lent me.

Many years ago Oliver Wendell Holmes said nobody needed stated preaching more than preachers. They did all the talking, hearing but little. Nobody needs a broader knowledge of early printing than the many amateur collectors of old books. I will go as far as any one in admiration for some of the good features of old books, but it is time that their defects should be noticed. With this purpose I have been collecting facsimiles of early Italian books in Roman type, and have had facsimiles taken of full pages by photo-engraving, so that a hasty reader can see and compare. I shall add some comments; but the attraction of the book will be in about twenty good facsimiles that I propose now to print on Mittineague paper in large quarto form.

Yours cordially,

THEO. L. DEVINNE

New York, December 17, 1906.

Mr. H. H. Harper,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Harper, — I beg pardon for my delay in fulfilling my promise. I should have answered you more fully a week ago, but I have not been able to do so. Even now I can do no more than add some remarks that seem to me most pertinent about old books.

As to the hand-press. — What you have said seems to be ample. Two hundred years ago Moxon denounced the old hand-press as “a make-shift, slovenly contrivance,” and indeed it was. Its great merit now is its slowness, which compels the hand-pressman to see the work done by him with great minuteness, and helps him, if he is able to be helped, in the correction of faults. It does not, however, make him skilful or careful if he is lacking in those qualities. Hand-press work as a rule is much inferior to Adams or cylinder presswork. It ought not to be, but it is.

As to type. — The type of early printers is vastly over-rated. It brings to mind the observation of a London wit on the immense canvases of an old London painter known as Hayden: “He thinks he is a great painter because he paints with a big brush.” Imitators of old typography consider big leaves, large type, and over black presswork the tests of meritorious printing. For four hundred years and more, type-founders, many of them men of remarkable ability, have carefully studied the structure of letters and have profited by the rules laid down by Albert Durer, Geofroy Tory, and others; but there is not one who has faithfully, or even fairly, copied early Italian models. Let me make one exception: the

Ashendene Press did copy and improve the Roman types of Sweinheim and Pannartz, Subiaco, 1465. I do not consider the Golden type of William Morris a fair copy of the types of Nicolas Jenson. Type-founding is an art of slow growth. Types are made better now than they were centuries ago. They have been made to serve the uses of the reader for every variety of work from a miniature Bible or a prayer-book to a poster, and they answer their purpose satisfactorily.

As to composition.—The books of the fifteenth century are hard to read, even by good Latinists. The early printers, imitating the practice of scribes, who were economical in the use of paper and vellum, ran paragraphs together in broad measure without the slightest relief of white space. They seemed to hate this relief of white. I have many books of that period that have lines from five to six inches wide, and the pages from forty to fifty lines long, in which there is not the least break of white in chapters of fifteen or twenty pages. What is worse, many of them are deformed by profuse abbreviations. I give, as much as anybody ought to give, proper homage to early printers who undertook the practice of an excessively difficult art with untrained hands and imperfect materials, and I admire them for the relatively meritorious nature of their work; but I do not think their printing perfection or even a close approximation to perfection.

I may tolerate chairs that are so frail and gorgeous with gold and brocade that they are too weak to be used. I can tolerate windows that were made to shut out light and show stained glass; but I will not tolerate as a specimen of fine workmanship a book that has been so mistakenly treated in composition that it cannot be easily read.

As to presswork.—The types of the early German printers are, as a rule, much over colored. They were purposely made so to give a proper devotional gloominess to the print. No person of taste now wants types of thick face over inked. The types of the early Italian printers were at the opposite extreme. Those who stand highest in popular esteem tried to imitate the lightness and delicacy of early Italian penmanship. This preference for a reasonable amount of lightness and openness has been maintained ever since in acceptable Roman types. The presswork of early Italian books is remarkably unequal. The prints of Sweinheim and Pannartz are too black; those of Jenson are too light; those of famous printers in other Italian cities are thick and muddy on some pages and feeble in color and impression on others. They did their best under difficult conditions and I honor them; but I see no reason why we should set them up as models. We have our own standards of merit and demerit and we must judge them by these standards.

As to paper.—It is a common mistake to think that early handmade paper was invariably thick and coarse. The paper preferred by Italian printers as a rule was thin and smooth. The rough faced paper now preferred by amateurs in old books was avoided; what will be more surprising to many is the frequency with which unsized paper was used in books printed by Aldus, Ratdolt, and Renner.

Yours truly,
THEO. L. DEVINNE

THE CHEAP SIDE OF LITERATURE—
LITERARY MANIACS

THE CHEAP SIDE OF LITERATURE— LITERARY MANIACS

THE following article by Mr. Charles E. Hurd, vice-president and one of the original organizers, of The Bibliophile Society, furnishes some interesting facts that will be new to most readers. For more than thirty years Mr. Hurd has been the literary editor of New England's greatest newspaper; he therefore speaks from a ripe experience and a comprehensive knowledge of his subject:

In looking over the counters of the book-sellers and the overloaded shelves of the department stores one cannot help being struck with the enormous amount of what may be called perishable literature which is annually turned out by the publishing houses of the country. Much of it is fiction, threadbare in plot, weak in incident and idiotic in dialogue; stuff which no sane publisher would ever bring out at his own risk, and which eventually finds its appropriate place in the baskets

at the doors of the second-hand dealers at prices which would hardly pay for the cost of the covers.

And yet, for this madness for the making of books for which there is no demand there seems to be no remedy. Warnings are of no avail. The failure of others teaches no lesson. Each one of the ambitious multitude is firmly convinced that in his or her book is solved the problem of success, and this feeling is sedulously cultivated by a certain class of cheap book publishers who fatten on the sums extorted from their victims, knowing all the while there can be but one possible result.

With the greater part of this literature one has no patience, but there are occasional books intermingled with its issues which makes the Man who Thinks sad; books which are serious attempts to set forth the best that is in the writer, and which have a genuine purpose; first books, which have been wrought out with care and conscientiousness, and are stained with the heart's blood of the author, but which ignorance of the world and inexperience in literary methods make outwardly ridiculous. One can hardly laugh at them when he thinks of the weary hours spent in their accomplishment, the glowing hopes which have accompanied their advent, and the

bitter disappointments which have followed their failure.

It will be understood that no reputable publisher assumes the risk on a doubtful work, nor does he sell his imprint for anything he would be ashamed to place on his list. In most houses a manuscript has to run the gauntlet of a file of special readers, and eight times out of ten it is returned, "with thanks," to the writer. If it meets with favor and is accepted it is either purchased outright or the author receives a royalty on its sales. But the class of publishers alluded to, through whose channels the greater part of this boneless and bloodless literature is brought into the world, go to none of this trouble. Whether the matter offered them is good, bad or indifferent is not the question; it is simply "How much can we make out of it?" They have no need of professional readers—that expense is spared them. They have no hesitation about closing a contract without seeing the MS.

It is amazing how far these people can scent a young author with a manuscript. Indeed, it seems at times that some of them possess a sixth sense in this direction. They issue beautifully printed little folders to slip inside their publications, seductively setting forth the advantages of their respective houses and

the wonderful successes achieved by their authors.

As a rule the young writer is an easy mark. He calls on the publisher, and, like the woman who hesitates, is lost. He is received with the utmost courtesy, but is told that the list for the season is nearly full. They are considering a book by Howells or James, but if negotiations should fall through they will consider his. At any rate, they will look it over. Has he it with him? Of course he has. Who ever knew an author who didn't carry his first book with him everywhere and at all times? It becomes the case of the spider and the fly over again. The wily spider runs over a few pages rapidly, and is enthusiastic in his praise. The book is delightful — charming, and is sure to run through half a dozen editions. He will take it on the strength of what he has read; but there is a business end to it. "To bring out a book like that will cost, let us see," he says thoughtfully, — "Well, say for a first edition of a thousand, eight hundred dollars;" and he carefully watches the fly. He is willing, so far as he is concerned, he says, to bring it out at the risk of the house, but his partner had put his foot down on that policy on account of one or two heavy losses they had made in advancing

money to authors. If he sees that he has named too high a figure, he adds, after a little thinking, that he is so confident of the book's success that he is willing to share expenses, and will accept five hundred dollars in hand and take a note for the balance for a year. The fly is assured that he will get back his money when the first edition is sold, and that all succeeding editions will be clear gain.

Before he knows it the victim has promised to return in a week's time with the money, and he leaves the office to borrow, if he has not the ready means, and sometimes even to mortgage his personal belongings to raise the required amount. His book appears in due time, well-printed, and bound and apparently everything is satisfactory. But by degrees the author discovers that his contract covers only the manufacture of the book, and that it rests with him to advertise it, place it in the bookstores and to look personally to its circulation. His appeals to the publisher are of no avail. The latter points to the contract; he is bound, he says, only by that. The senior member of one of these houses openly proclaims that he doesn't care for popular authors who expect money from sales. The keeping up of the literary standard is no part of his business; he is after the young author with

a manuscript and some ready money. And so it goes.

But if so much that is worthless, or of little worth, manages to escape into the open field of literature, how appalling is the amount that after frantic and fruitless efforts has failed to do so! For every work of fiction, good and bad, that comes from the press there are twenty, which, on account of the impecuniosity of the authors or some other equally sufficient reason, have failed to break down the barriers which protect the general reader and constitute an ever-threatening cloud in the future: for every volume of poetry that has made its appearance during the past dozen years there are fifty which have been waiting for means to be sprung upon a defenseless and unsuspecting public.

Among the vast horde of this line of literary producers there is occasionally one whom failure does not daunt nor lack of appreciation affect; but who goes serenely on, oblivious of anything but himself and his work. Some of the older members of the present generation will remember a handsome, middleaged gentleman who used to be very much in evidence on Washington Street forty years ago. His hat and hair — if hat and hair express anything — proclaimed him a literary man. Well dressed,

educated and courteous, with distinguished bearing and manners, and with the prestige of a Harvard graduation, he attracted universal attention. Year after year he produced small volumes of poetry, copies of which were duly deposited in the bookstores, but not one of which, so far as known, was ever sold. At the end of a twelve-month the stock would be withdrawn and replaced by later compositions. And this went on for twenty years. It would be impossible to describe the utter fatuousness of these books. Their author was a scholar and a man of wealth, and familiar with the literature of foreign countries as well as of his own, but his work was that of a schoolboy. I recollect some years since seeing a large boxfull of these books at the Archway entrance marked "3 cents each." And there were apparently no sales at that.

Another type of the literary maniac is the man who has written a book which, when published, is to overturn all the existing conditions of the world, social, religious and political. And there are plenty of this kind. They haunt newspaper offices and make life burdensome for those who are suspected to have influence with book publishers. I was once introduced in a New York boarding-house by the officious landlady to one of

these gentlemen, who lost no time in taking me aside to inform me that he had an unpublished volume which was destined to shake the world when it should see the light, but that the entire body of publishers of the city had entered into a combination to crush him and prevent its appearance. "I don't know that I blame them," he said frankly, "for its publication would seriously affect the business of the country, close many of the churches, and upset family relations." To my great surprise he went on to inform me that the work in question was not, as I had expected, a scientific treatise, but an "epic," on which he had spent thirty years, and to which he was still making additions. It was as large as a family Bible, and written in blank verse, intermingled with rhymed couplets in various metres. One of these I have retained ever since that fateful afternoon thirty years ago. It occurred in the course of an argument in favor of marriage, and ran —

"Had God made man for self alone
He never would have made but one."

Poor fellow! he died a year or two later, and his epic went to the paper-mill.

The subject is an endless one. The byways of literature are infinitely more interest-

ing than the highways; and the crowds that throng them, the gifted and the ungifted, the freaks, the unbalanced geniuses and the frauds furnish a gallery of living pictures one is never tired of studying, and from which one learns more of the gropings, the pains and struggles of a common humanity reaching to something higher than is afforded by the lives of the great men and women who have succeeded in literature.

THE SOUL'S SONG OF ACTION

THE SOUL'S SONG OF ACTION

THIS charming poem — one of the early lyrical compositions of Bayard Taylor — appears to have escaped publication until now. The original manuscript, which is beautifully written in the autograph of the author, with signature and date affixed, is the property of one of our members, Mr. Henry C. Bernheim, of New York, to whom we are indebted for the privilege of printing it now for the first time.

Like the silver wing of starlight, fleeting on the silent race
Which eternally it follows through the universe of space,
Moves the human soul in longings, and in thought and
deed sublime,

On from summit unto summit, o'er the solemn hills of
Time!

Earth would sink to Night and Chaos, were that golden
draught no more

From the sun's o'erbrimming chalice, on the thirsty
gloom to pour ;

And the soul that ever slumbers in its prison-house of clay
Must in Lethean darkness moulder, lifeless to the loving
day!

There's a beauty and a glory in the soul's unceasing toil —
Not with sweat of weary labor, as we shed on earthly
soil,
But the long and eager striving for the grasp of things
afar,
Like the throbbing of the firefly, for the lustre of the
star!

Though the fleshly form be fainting, with the labor of
its doom —
Dragging back the mountain spirit into weariness and
gloom —
Yet a voice it cannot silence and a thought that never
sleeps,
Still, in ceaseless aspiration, onward from the Present
leaps!

Mortal life is full of sorrow and the soul has much to
bear,
While its beating wings are pinioned from their own
empyrean air,
But a pulse of Love is throbbing, twinly with its *being's*
dower,
And that voice of deathless feeling tells of co-eternal
power!

From the *living soul* of Nature comes a music to the
heart,
Swelling upward with its longing, when the fading
beams depart —
When the holy shadows gather and the stars are in the
sky,
And a saddened depth of feeling dews the spirit-lighted
eye.

When the noon of night is silent, and the silvery moon-
light falls
O'er the forest's branching columns, on its broken foliage-walls —
Comes that starry presence nearer, hushing all the fearful air,
Till the soul has prophet-glimpses of the glory it shall wear !

There is knowledge yet unfathomed, shadowed in forebodings now —
Sunlight from a realm untrodden, shining on the spirit's brow ;
And the voices of the Future chime within the eager breast,
That the soul's eternal essence cannot know of pause or rest.

Not within the sick wind's sighing, nor in sleeping sea and field —
Outward types of weary toiling —are those oracles revealed,
But in whispers from the Viewless, voices from the dread Unknown
And in thoughts whose holy beauty seems to come from God alone !

Far amid th' eternal vastness, floats a gleam of coming bliss,
As if that sublime existence were foreshadowed unto this ;
And the spirit, starward leaping, toward the bound by Thought untrod,
Burns to leave its mortal dwelling and be nearer unto God !

With a kingly sense of knowledge, shall it mount before
the sun,
Adding realms of conquered darkness to the empire it
has won;
There the lore of God's own teaching, will the angel-
mind employ,
And in active being blossom the immortal flowers of
joy!

Only thus the soul can fathom all its longings, all its
powers —
Only thus, in raptured being, live through Heaven's
eternal hours;
For the glory and the beauty, which have made it thus
sublime,
Cannot perish, but stream upward, through the endless
depths of Time!

(Signed) J. BAYARD TAYLOR

Aug. 18, 1846.

THE HIGHEST QUALITY IN ENGRAVING

THE HIGHEST QUALITY IN ENGRAVING

A HINT TO COLLECTORS

BY W. F. HOPSON

“You might cut out any square inch from a portion of his pictures [Rembrandt’s] and wear it as a jewel.” MEMPES.

IN every manifestation of the Graphic Arts there is one beauty of form or drawing, another beauty of composition or arrangement, another beauty of chiaroscuro or light and shade, and in painting there is, of course, beauty of color; qualities which, excepting this last of color, every engraving may share with every other form of picture making. And it has even been held that engraving can suggest color. Be that as it may, each form of art has some merit peculiar to itself, some beauty and interest all its own, supreme above its fellows. The true connoisseur will see and enjoy the beauty in each, without seeking to put one against another.

While engraving may have part in so many of these qualities which go towards making

up the sum total of our pleasure in the limner's art, there is yet another quality belonging to work done with the graver, etching needle, pen, or pencil, and that is beauty of line ; and that aside from any arrangement, direction, the power to express texture, or the right degree of light and shade ; an added grace to all these others, the quality of the line itself, independent of, and distinct from, all relation which it has to the object represented ; some subtle and mysterious effect which it has upon the mind, exciting the liveliest interest and satisfying in us that sense which recognizes, craves, and demands the beautiful ; lines which in themselves express the depth and vibration of atmosphere. "Greasy lines," my old master, himself a good engraver, used to call them. "Sweet lines," Linton termed them. Few workers with the graver have been given this supreme gift of power over their tools. More wood-engravers seem to possess it than metal-engravers, — more etchers than either. "We may go through the whole list of names connected with etching and we shall find that really no two men are alike ; more than this, the artistic and even the human character of each one comes to the surface in his work.

"Some readers may think this must be the case in all forms of art, but I challenge them

to look at all line engraving done after the Sistine Madonna with a view towards finding anything of the engraver's character disclosed in them." This is equivalent to charging that there is no individuality in line engraving on metal, and this is not altogether true; but it is true that there is less of it in graver work done on metal than in any other medium. "Let them try the same thing in all other forms of art, and I am sure that they will find etching to be in the end the one in which artists are most unreserved." This I agree with, but an etcher may have individuality of touch without atmospheric suggestion; his individuality may be entirely commonplace: so indeed may an engraver's. And the same thing may be said of all workers in the Arts.

That this gift of beauty in line is all a matter of feeling there can be but little doubt, for it seemingly is neither to be taught nor acquired. It is a gift out of the great unknown, some nervous connection between the brain and hand of the workman, as little regarded as recognized by himself. Indeed his mind is busy with other things, — form, color, and composition, — necessary adjuncts; but still, excepting color in painting, which is also a gift, all to be attained to by thought and labor. Not so this other. "Which of you by taking

thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" Neither can he in this other respect; but, given this gift of feeling for line, our artist shall not lack in these other directions, but be counted as kindred with those who, standing alone, loom up in bold relief above their fellows, landmarks in the art of engraving for all time, like Aldegrevier, Rembrandt, Edelinck, Bewick, and Linton.

The personality of the engraver consists not in rendering accurately the drawing and tones of the picture before him, but in the character of the lines which he weaves into his plate or block. What else is there in that most incomparable series of translations in wood of Timothy Cole's long list of engravings after the masters, Dutch, English, Italian, and Spanish? Have they not been done before as successfully, so far as regards rendering of drawing, light and shade? As individuality of technique goes beyond mere reproduction, however skilful, so does sweetness of line and atmospheric feeling far transcend individuality. "It is the amazement of specialists how Calvert, self-taught and only an engraver in his leisure, was able to accomplish work so masterly in technique as to equal in kind the finest accomplishment of engravers like Blake, Bewick, Palmer, and Linton."

“Compared with wood-engraving, the art of engraving upon copper has always been considered as of a higher order.” This has been due partly to the smaller cost of wood-engraving (most people estimate the worth of a thing by the price paid for it), but more largely to the reprehensible custom of writers on art, and of artists themselves, of calling the one “wood-cuts” and the other “engravings,” when they are both identically the same, executed with precisely the same tools and in the same manner ; the only difference lying in the material used to cut upon, and the different methods of printing. Why not copper or steel cuts? It may sound the rankest heterodoxy, and the tearing down of long cherished beliefs, to say of those exhibiting this highest quality in engraving, this richness and beauty of line, this perfectness of technique coupled with individuality of touch, that wood-engravers far surpass in numbers those who engrave on metal ; nevertheless such is the fact, strange as it may appear, and however few the reasons we may be able to give to account for such a condition.

Before proceeding further, let me say that there have been many engravers on metal who have shown individuality, and a few who possessed beauty of line. Houbraken had both,

and he cared more for these qualities than he did for likeness in portraiture. Edelinck and Nanteuil were both masters of line, and in our own day, Gaillard had certainly individuality of touch. Of the etchers who have possessed this highest excellence, many might be cited from Rembrandt to Whistler. Recognizing the fact, as we must, that, in the art of engraving on wood, we have one of the highest, most artistic, forms of art expression, it is meet that we gather up and preserve for future generations the best examples of an art the great merits of which have been obscured by its cheapness and the prodigality of its output. For just as surely as we now highly prize and eagerly seek after every scrap of a print, good, bad, or indifferent, from the plates or blocks of Dürer, Behan, and others of their time, so will the next generation appreciate (if this one does not) the work to which I now call attention.

I say nothing about Bewick and his followers in the English school, nor of our own Anderson; for collectors are fully alive to the importance of such holdings. But why stop with these? The work which Adams, Childs, Hayes, and Whitney did, not to mention other names, is far more beautiful and full of feeling than anything which had gone before in this country; and following, as it did, close upon

Anderson and his school, is of the greatest value and interest, not only historically, but for its own sake as well.

Now that wood-engraving has had its day, served its purpose — commercially at least — I say again, it is time we gathered up what may be left of the labors of these men of the middle nineteenth century; for the same processes which wrought to diminish the examples of Dürer's skill — fire, water, neglect, and ignorance — are still exercising their power upon the works of these and even later men.

In the publications of the American Tract House — to mention but one source, though that the best — will be found drawings by Darley, Sir John Gilbert, and others, most beautifully engraved, so beautifully engraved, in fact, that, if taken upon their intrinsic merits alone, they would be held worthy of a place in the portfolios of the most fastidious collectors. And they will so be held when time has gone, and no such work is done again. Arts come and go. They are born in strength and simplicity, they die in complexity and over-refinement. There is a middle period when strength and refinement go hand in hand and supplement each other. Such has been the case in the practice of our own engravers; while a few, who, through their own inherent

strength of character, have preserved the art in its fullest integrity to the last, the greater number have succumbed to the degrading influences of over-refinement. Childs and Whitney especially had the gift of delicacy of touch and freedom of line, and their little blocks will survive long after the greater part of the more ambitious paintings of the day have found their way to that place of departed mediocrity from whence there is no return.

I have now but to point, by way of illustration, to a few out of the many examples executed during the latter years of the last century, which to me appear especially to fulfil all the requirements of the highest quality in engraving. In Vol. 6 of the *Aldine*, 1873 (long out of print, and the plates and blocks burned), are three engravings by W. P. Linton: "White Birches of the Saranac," "On Long Island Sound," and "Brookside Willows." These reach the high-water mark of landscape engraving in wood, not spoiled by over-refinement, but free, rich, and full of feeling. No better in tone than many others in this same volume, but how superior in beauty of line! Just the difference between good craftsmanship and genius.

In *Harper's Monthly* for April, 1885, there is a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, engraved by

Gustave Kruell. No more beautiful portrait was ever engraved in any medium, — wood, copper, or steel. Nothing better in tone, or more masterly in technique, was ever conceived by any man. He was one of the greatest portrait engravers that ever lived. It will be long before we shall see his like again.

I might extend this list, in an interesting way, to include more engravers and many plates; but a good example of each of the two great divisions of art has been given, as a key to the highest excellence. The eye must be educated to discern the difference between the best and the commonplace, and when that has been done, I know of no keener pleasure than the study of prints.

“ He that hath eyes to see, let him see.”

New Haven, Connecticut,
January 28, 1907.

FRIENDS — OLD AND NEW

IF any one imagines that a genuinely enthusiastic bibliophile has no solicitude for any object in the home other than his books, the following dialogue, which took place between one of our members and his aged mother, will banish any such misconception. Many phases of this little library episode will find their counterparts in the experiences of a multitude of booklovers; but unhappily we are not all blessed with such a lovely, indulgent, and sympathetic mother to help us plan space for our books and enjoy them with us.

“Boy dear, you really must get some of these books off the floor. Just look at your desk, and at that table! One can’t find a thing there, and there is n’t a chair to sit upon —

“Yes, I know, dear, that they are friends, loving friends who mean more to you than so many human beings, but —”

Then I just smothered the remainder of the sentence by taking the dear mother in my arms and kissing reverently and lovingly the silver hair that frames the sweetest of faces.

Somehow, my mother and I seem unlike most mothers and sons. We have been together so many years, have been so much to each other, that the tie that binds us grows gentler and dearer as the years slip by.

Mother mine loves my books; loves my happiness with them. Every fresh arrival means a flutter of excitement in her heart, even as it does in mine. She is as eager as I to undo the bulky parcels. She tears off the wrappers with low exclamations of delight, and pets and fondles the old bindings as though they were living, breathing beings that must be handled with infinite care and solicitude.

And when I carry them laboriously up-stairs (for I am no longer as sturdy as in years ago) and pile them on table and chair and floor till I have time to list them, she comes along behind with a big folio clasped close in her arms, joyous in the pride of possessing a volume that had long been sought, and only now obtained.

But, ah — why is it that almost always there is a forbidding “but”? My dear mother, as the result of half a century of housekeeping, has good old-fashioned ideas of order. Now, you know what “order” means to a booklover who has none. It is a phase of civilization that has no right to exist in the book-home. Sometimes it seems to me that the long rows of ancient volumes are about to rebel at being compelled to stand just so, year after year. I know they would much rather go tumbling about with the others of an older or of a more recent date. That’s why I always have that indescribable shrinking of the heart when the gentle Mater sighs till her glasses are all moist, and says in that low, sweet voice that would melt a heart of stone:

“Boy dear, you really must —”

“Well, if I must, I suppose I must, though really,

dearie, I don't see why the books can't stay where they are. See, there's plenty of room. We can get over to the window nicely," and, in trying to prove my words, I tumbled over a pile that blocked the way between the big chair and the entrance to the Sanctum Sanctorum.

Oh, the joys of that little room, that Holy of Holies! It is given up entirely to illuminated manuscripts, glorious monuments of the patient artistry of dead and gone monks, who surely would rejoice in their secret hearts could they but realize the veneration with which their handiwork is now regarded. And beautiful bindings, old and new! What is there about the "feel" of a piece of leather that sets one's blood to tingling, that makes his breath come a little shorter and faster? And tall, stately folios! Possibly you do not share my enthusiasm for these wondrous examples of the old craftsman's art. But I like the big fellows. There is something solid, substantial, enduring, about them. Their paper is always better to me than that of ordinary volumes. The ink is blacker and brighter. The typography is quainter and more picturesque, and so I love my folios, especially when they are "embellished with engraved portraits and titlepages."

But the "nuggets"! Row after row of dainty, exquisite volumes, each telling its own story of anticipation, search, and final possession. Ah, they—

All this time I've kept the patient Mither waiting for me to decide what to do with these new arrivals.

Truth to tell my shelves are all full. The rooms are full. There seems not another nook or cranny large enough to hold even a duodecimo.

Yet next week I expect another fifty or so that I bought at Libbie's in Boston a few days ago.

Libbie's is a wondrously fascinating place, and some

rare times have I had in that old Washington Street auction mart. It makes me sad and glad to go to auction sales. Sad to think that some one's beloved collection, on which he had lavished such loving care and affection, is to be dispersed, to go into the hands of those, perhaps, who will see nothing in them but their commercial value, utterly ignoring their literary quality. Or perchance they will be bought by mere collectors to whom number is everything, to whom association is nothing ; in which case they will be put away along with the other accumulations, and not have bestowed upon them the care and attention to which they have been accustomed. Every one who has ever bid higher and higher for some long coveted item that now slips away from him, and then is finally secured and carried off in triumph, knows what the sensation is. One doesn't think then of the other fellow's regret. He is too glad that he himself has won.

Those books are still on the floor and even the long-enduring Mother begins to draw down the corners of that fine, clear-cut mouth that has sung to me and laughed with me, and kissed me for more years than I can remember. In fact I don't know when she was not making me happy. Dear soul, I must do something right away, for I don't want her even to think that I am not mindful of her slightest wish.

"Oh! now I have it, dearie," and, delighted with my sudden inspiration, I whirled her round the room till there were new piles of books scattered over the floor. But I did n't mind. I had found out how to "get those books off the floor."

"You see, Mither mine, there's that long row in the modern literature case. One set of forty volumes all 'bound in three-quarter crushed levant, limited to—'

well, as I was saying, we'll just shove half of that set back and that will leave room for twenty of these volumes. Repeat the operation wherever it is practical, and there you are. Why, it's as easy — I wonder we never thought of that before."

"But, boy dear," and the limpid, brown eyes looked sad enough, "do you think they will like it, old friends like that, to be shoved into the back row? Surely they love you more than these newcomers. They have been with you for years. They have amused you, and instructed you. They have proved to you time and again that to them you could turn, no matter what your mood, and be ever sure of consolation or entertainment. Really, dear, I don't believe I'd do it."

Lovingly she passed her thin, white hand over the backs of the books she loves with me, and I just could n't bring myself to commit the dire deed that only a minute before had seemed such an easy solution of the vexed problem.

"Then let's reverse the order of procedure," I suggested. "These latest comers don't know us very well yet. Perhaps they are not used to such grand companions as they are to mingle with here. Let's put them in the back row and tell them that it's only for a little while, and that some day, maybe, they will have a whole case, glass door and plush-lined shelves, all to themselves."

"That's better, boy dear, we'll do that; and, to make good your promise, I'll build an addition to these overpopulated rooms, and next spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, we will invite all your manuscripts and folios and nuggets, and everybody, down to the humblest pamphlet, to honor with their presence your new abode of books."

There were tears in my eyes as I took that blessed mother in my arms.

ROBINSON LOCKE

Toledo, Ohio,
December, 1906.

The following is contributed by one of the members, Mr. William Berdan, Paterson, N. J.: —

STRUTHERS

It is many years since it happened, but time and changed circumstances will never efface the memory of one of my first finds.

Struthers was sixty years old. A harried and worried existence in England had sent him to "the States." By the good will of the village barber in his native place he had learned the rudiments of the trade, and on his arrival had settled in a small New Jersey town as the village Figaro. For many years he pursued this occupation, but failing eyesight, combined with the competition which came when the hamlet grew to the proportions of a small city, drove Struthers from his business and forced him to seek a new means of livelihood. After much deliberation — as he later told me — he finally concluded that "nothink was quite so to 'is likin' as keepin' a small book stall." So Struthers, strong in his literary ignorance, bravely flung out his sign, —

S. STRUTHERS.

NEW AND OLD BOOKS.

His little shop was the abandoned hallway of a dilapidated building near the main thoroughfare, and without the doorway he had a small stand upon which were piled miscellanies, comprising bound volumes of *Godey's*

Ladies' Book, Patent Office Reports, Rev. John Smith's Sermons, Why Did She Marry? Kid Collier's Revenge, Guide to Health, etc.

I had not known Struthers previous to his blossoming as a merchant in literature, and once passing his modest establishment, could not resist the ever-present temptation to overhaul the contents of the outer stand. Finally I took up a book, which, upon examination, I carried into the shop and asked "how much?" Struthers fumbled around and finally resurrected his spectacles, and, carefully adjusting them, he slowly turned over the leaves of the volume, scanned the plates, noted the rubbed cover and a slight foxing on the titlepage — "Well, I don't suppose there's any use a keepin' of these 'ere German books; I 'ad this one throwed in with some with 'andsome covers and I've made a pretty turn on the lot. Would five cents be too much, sir?" I bought it.

Here is the titlepage. The plates are perfect.

La
Pucelle
d'Orléans.
Poeme
Divisé en vingt chants
Avec des notes
Nouvelle Édition corrigée
Augmentée & collationnée
Sur le Manuscrit de l'Auteur

M D. C. C. L. X. I. I.

A "FIND"

The following comes from one of the members, Mr. Luther A. Brewer, Cedar Rapids, Iowa:—

One of the scarcest books relating to early Iowa history is a little volume of fifty-three pages. The title of the book is "Notes on the Wisconsin Territory; Particularly with Reference to the Iowa District or Black Hawk Purchase," by Lieutenant Albert M. Lea. An excellent map of this part of Wisconsin Territory accompanies the publication. Lieutenant Lea, with a party of United States Dragoons, traversed this, then unexplored country, and wrote an excellent account of the trip. This was published in 1836 by H. S. Tanner, Philadelphia, at the expense of the author. The books were forwarded to the west by boat from Pittsburg. Before reaching its destination the boat went to the bottom of the river, and nearly the whole edition of Lea's book was lost. What few copies were recovered were presented by the author to friends. Only ten copies can be accounted for, and all these except two or three copies are in public libraries. Collectors of Iowana consider the book almost priceless. It is difficult to say just how much an enthusiastic Iowa collector would give for this item, did he have an opportunity to obtain it. Last July the book was quoted me by a Boston dealer for \$3.00. It is perhaps needless to remark that the said dealer, in a very few minutes, had a telegraphic order for it. Some restless days and almost sleepless nights were spent by me, until finally the postman brought a small package containing the golden treasure. The joy that filled my heart can be comprehended

only by those who have made similar finds. No ordinary sum would be sufficient to coax the little treasure away from its present resting-place. To secure possession of the volume, after despairing of ever being able even to handle it, was one of the unexpected joys of a book collector scarcely comparable to any other earthly delight.

Another experience almost equally pleasant fell to my lot early in the present year. A scarce Iowa publication is a little pamphlet of sixteen pages written by Isaac Galland of old Montrose, Iowa, entitled "The Western Emigrant." It was bound in boards when published. I secured a copy about two years ago, but it lacked the covers, the map, and had the bottom margins roughly torn off. I paid one dollar for it. Last winter a perfect copy of this publication came up for auction in New York. The item also contained a perfect map laid in loose. I was fortunate enough to secure it for \$4.75. As soon as the item was received by me I had an offer of \$20.00 for the loose map and the defective copy. I still retain the perfect copy and have several dollars to the credit of those times when the balance was the other way.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

SECRETARY'S REPORT

THE adjourned annual meeting and banquet of The Bibliophile Society was held at the Hotel Somerset, Boston, on Thursday evening, January 31, 1907. The Treasurer's report was read and approved. The officers and members of the Council were elected for another year.

The following letter from Mr. J. Levering Jones, Philadelphia, was read in open meeting :—

I cannot refrain, as a non-productive member of a great book-making and literary society, from writing you a single line of appreciation of the work it has performed. It has opened to my gaze a new field of literature, and some of the choice hidden gems of written thought have been generously bestowed upon us. Surely never a society of like character has had higher purposes, or tried to follow more devotedly the objects they have marked out for pursuit. Already I designate a portion of the room where I keep our productions, "The Bibliophile's Corner." I introduce my friends to its treasures, and I often draw some inspiration from it myself, and I look forward with delight to the expectant shelves remaining to be filled in the years to come, and about

which I feel there will be no disappointment. I want to thank the gentlemen whose personal work has given to me and to many so much pleasure and enlightenment, in the doing of which so little has been contributed, outside of a few faithful, generous, and sympathetic spirits.

There were present as guests of the Society Messrs. Edward H. Clement, editor-in-chief of the *Boston Transcript*, and Franklin B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass. Messrs. Charles P. Shillaber and Horace W. Wadleigh were present as guests of Mr. William G. Shillaber. Mr. Samuel S. Green, librarian of the Worcester (Mass.) Public Library, and also an officer of the American Antiquarian Society, entertained those present with reminiscences of his experiences during nearly forty years' connection with these two great institutions.

The Secretary having been obliged to retire from the meeting, the Rev. Glenn Tilley Morse was chosen Secretary pro tem.

On motion by Mr. John Woodbury, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Henry H. Harper for the varied and efficient services rendered the Society as its treasurer during the past year. Mr. Harper rose to remark that he had found only pleasure and recreation in what he had done for the Society's welfare; that our organization now enjoys an enviable distinction in the ranks of

kindred bodies, of which every member may feel justly proud. He said that the Society has many achievements to its credit, but that the greatest among all its triumphs was "the discovery of Mr. Bixby."

During the past year we have lost eight members by death, most of them being men of international repute. Five members were dropped from the rolls under the provisions of Section IV of Article V of the Constitution and By-laws, and four under the provisions of Section V of Article XIII. Three members have resigned. The vacancies have all been filled from the waiting-list.

Respectfully submitted,

J. ARNOLD FARRER,

Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT

TREASURER'S REPORT

INCOME

Fifth Year Book	\$ 2218.50
Letters of Charles Lamb	22700.00
Thoreau Publication	7536.00
Initiation fees	130.00
	<u>\$32584.50</u>

DISBURSEMENTS

Deficit forward from 1906	\$418.72
Rent, storage & insurance	797.43
Special insurance	215.95
Interest account	420.00
General expense	777.21
Job printing, special work, &c.	512.90
Clerical and stenographic work	900.00
Stamps and stationery	694.75
Facsimile work and engravings	6775.50
General publication expense on Fifth Year Book, Letters of Charles Lamb, and Tho- reau publication	20814.79
Surplus	<u>257.25</u>
	32584.50

LIABILITIES

Loan from bank	7000.00
Surplus acct.	<u>257.25</u>
	\$7257.25

ASSETS

Invested in publications now in course of preparation	\$6068.36	
Cash in bank	747.39	
Due from members	<u>441.50</u>	
		\$7257.25

Respectfully submitted,
HENRY H. HARPER,
Treasurer.

January 1, 1907.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY

CONTINUED FROM FIFTH YEAR BOOK

XV

1906—FIFTH | YEAR BOOK | (ENGRAVING OF PUNCH BOWL)
—THE BIBLIOPHILE | SOCIETY | PRINTED | FOR MEMBERS
ONLY.

One volume royal octavo; 14 + 140 + 8. Engraved sub-title. General titlepage designed and engraved by Sidney L. Smith. Bound in boards, cream vellum covers; untrimmed.

Five hundred copies printed on white Italian handmade paper. Cost, \$4.50.

XVI

FOURTH | ANNUAL BANQUET | OF | THE BIBLIOPHILE
SOCIETY |

"When will it be allowed me, now with the | books of the
ancients, now in sleep and hours of | indolence, to drink a sweet
forgetfulness of an | anxious life?" | HORACE, S. 2, vi, 60. | NEW
ALGONQUIN CLUB | BOSTON | January 11, 1906.

This royal octavo brochure on the Bixby Testimonial contains an etched portrait of Mr. Bixby, photograph of the huge punch bowl presented to Mr. Bixby on January 11, 1906, Mr. Whitelaw Reid's presentation address

(engraved) printed on parchment; also the address of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, together with the dinner *menu*.

One copy was printed for each member. Cost of punch bowl and brochures paid by voluntary contributions.

XVII

(VIGNETTE PORTRAIT OF CHARLES LAMB) | THE LETTERS
OF | CHARLES LAMB | IN WHICH MANY MUTILATED WORDS |
AND PASSAGES HAVE BEEN RESTORED | TO THEIR ORIGINAL
FORM; WITH | LETTERS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED | AND
FACSIMILES OF ORIGINAL MS. | LETTERS AND POEMS | WITH
AN INTRODUCTION BY | HENRY H. HARPER | ISSUED BY | THE
BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY | FOR MEMBERS ONLY | BOSTON |
MDCCLCV.

Five volumes; Vol. I, 4to; Vols. II, III, IV, and V, royal octavo; 12 + xii + 78 + 52 (76 pp. facsimiles inserted); 10 + 348 + 2; 4 + 338 + 2; 2 + 350 + 4; 4 + 358 + 4.

Four hundred and sixty copies printed on watermarked Holland handmade paper and ten copies on Japanese vellum. Vol. I bound in cream vellum, limp, with portfolio cover; other four volumes bound in boards covered with brown paper. Notes by Richard Garnett and E. V. Lucas. Titlepage engraved on copper by E. D. French; etchings by W. H. W. Bicknell and James Fagan. Cost, \$50.

XVIII

THE | FIRST AND LAST JOURNEYS | OF | THOREAU | LATELY
DISCOVERED AMONG HIS UNPUBLISHED JOURNALS | AND
MANUSCRIPTS | EDITED BY | FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN |
(SEAL) | BOSTON: MDCDV | PRINTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR
MEMBERS OF | THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY.

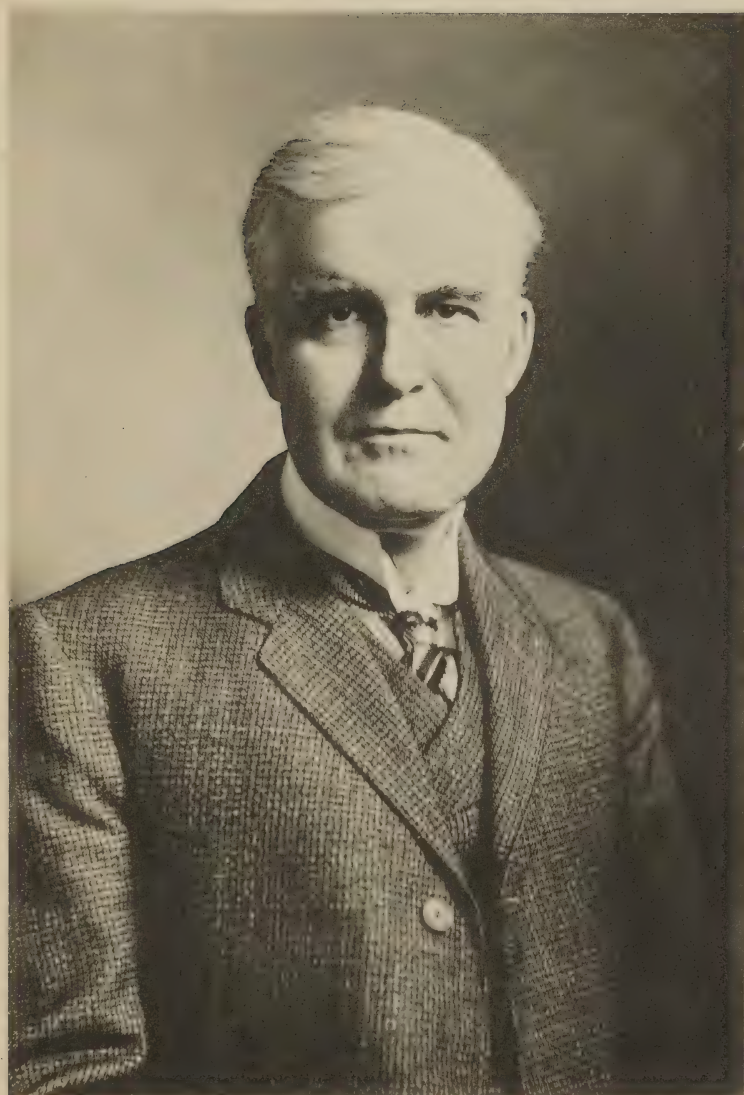
Two volumes royal octavo; 8 + xl + 146 + 6 (four facsimiles inserted); 8 + 134 + 10.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH | BY | HENRY DAVID THOREAU |
LATELY DISCOVERED AMONG HIS UNPUBLISHED JOURNALS |
AND MANUSCRIPTS | INTRODUCTION BY | FRANKLIN BENJAMIN
SANBORN | EDITED BY | HENRY AIKEN METCALF | (SEAL) |
BOSTON: MDCDV | PRINTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR MEMBERS
OF | THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY.

One volume royal octavo; 10 + xiv + 106 + 10.

Four hundred and seventy-nine copies printed on water-marked Holland handmade paper, and ten on Japanese vellum. Bound in boards with gray paper covers; maroon calf corners and backs. Cost, of three vols., \$16.

NECROLOGY



E. D. French

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NECROLOGY

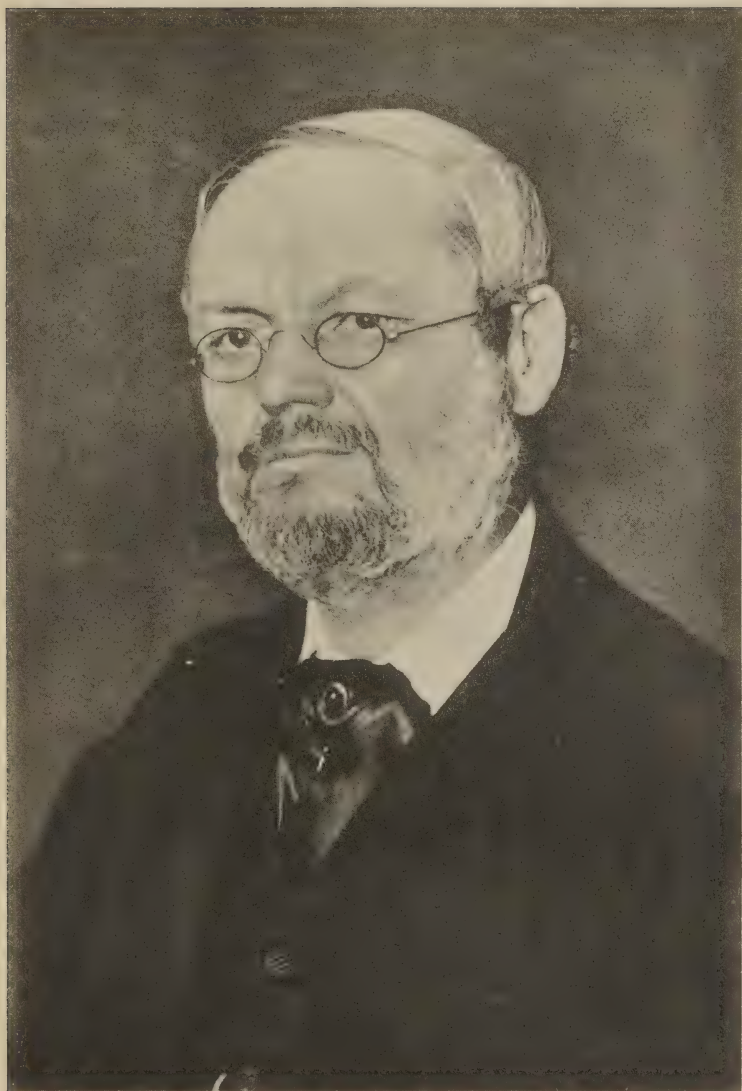
MR. CLARENCE H. CLARK was born in Providence, R. I., April 19, 1833, and died in Philadelphia, April 13, 1906. He went to Philadelphia when a very young boy, and entered his father's banking house before he was twenty-one. He was a member of the firm of E. W. Clark & Co. until 1882, and was the first president of the First National Bank of Philadelphia, which was the first National Bank chartered by Congress. He founded the Fidelity Trust Company, the Philadelphia Warehouse Company, and the Centennial National Bank, and was president of the latter institution at the time of his death. He was a man of deeds, not words; of realities, not of ideals.

His was an exceedingly active and useful life, and in his demise Philadelphia lost one of her sturdiest men of finance. His library,—one of the choice collections of Philadelphia,—is now the coveted possession of his son, C. H. Clark, Jr., who inherits his father's book-loving instincts, as also his business sagacity, and to whom the membership in The Bibliophile Society has been transferred by request.

EDWIN DAVIS FRENCH, whose death occurred in New York City, on December 8, 1906, was a prominent, and in some respects unique, figure in American art. Born in North Attleboro, Mass., January 19, 1851, he was educated at the Connecticut Literary Institute, Suffield,

Conn., and at Brown University. He studied drawing under William Sartain at the Art Students' League, New York City, of which association he was president during 1889-91. Originally, and for a number of years, an engraver on silver, he was led to the designing and engraving of book-plates, and from 1894 on, devoted himself to that specialty. Within five years his work, qualitatively and quantitatively, warranted the publication of a monograph, — a "List of Book-Plates engraved on copper" by him, issued by Paul Lemperly in 1899.

A year or two before his death Mr. French himself prepared a manuscript supplement to this catalogue for the use of the Print Department of the New York Public Library. To the book-plates by him in the S. P. Avery Collection in the latter institution he added impressions from his more recent plates, so that those interested can find there a representative collection of his book-plates and other engravings. Among the latter are to be noted especially his series of views done for the Society of Iconophiles, the titlepage for "André's Journal" issued by The Bibliophile Society of Boston, the seal of the New York Public Library, and plates in books by W. L. Andrews and others. His plates were all engraved on copper, and with a few exceptions were executed after his own designs. The amount of work he accomplished is noteworthy; over three hundred plates in fourteen years. In that short period of artistic activity, Mr. French had risen to the foremost rank not only of American book-plate engravers, but of artists in this field anywhere. He had long enjoyed an international reputation when he made his first and only trip abroad. This was in the winter of 1905-6, which he spent in Europe with his wife, formerly Miss Mary Olivia Brainerd, who survives him. Failing health interfered much with the



R. Carnett.

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full enjoyment of this trip; yet he bore it all cheerfully, and extracted all the pleasure possible from his outing.

Mr. French was one of those rare men whose personality, despite a retiring disposition and an utter absence of self-assertion in even a mild form, left a distinct and strong impression. Perhaps he was seen at his best in his letters, which in their form as well as in their clean-cut chirography, were delightful expressions of his character.

Mr. French was deeply interested in Universal language. He acquired a large library of books on Volapük and Esperanto, and Idiom Neutral similarly claimed his attention. His various interests were indicated by his membership in the Art Students' League (N. Y.), American Fine Arts Society (trustee 1891-96), Internat. Acad. Volapük, Ex-Libris Society (London), Ex-Libris Verein (Berlin), Grolier Club, N. Y., National Arts Club, N. Y., Club of Odd Volumes, and The Bibliophile Society of Boston. His membership in The Bibliophile Society has been transferred to his widow, Mary Brainerd French.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF

RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D. (Oxon.), C.B. (1895), was born in Lichfield, England, February 27, 1835, and died in London, April 13, 1906. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Richard Garnett, Assistant Keeper in the Department of Printed Books in the British Museum, and was essentially self-educated, having attended neither public school nor university. At the age of sixteen he was an assistant in the Library of the Museum, and at forty he became Superintendent of the Reading Room. He edited the Museum Catalogue (1881-1890), and was Keeper of Printed Books (1890-1899).

Doctor Garnett takes his place above almost any other Englishman, as the typical man of letters. He was an admirable specimen of the unselfish scholar who amasses learning only to impart it as widely and freely as possible to his fellows. It is a significant tribute to his sweetness of character that amidst all the comments on his erudition, his gifts, and his attainments, no one has failed to write of his kindness. His help, indeed, would go far beyond that of the librarian, and if he saw an opportunity of assisting a brother writer in any way, he was ever ready. His vast learning, extending not only over English, but over foreign and ancient fields, was untainted by pedantry. His memory was abnormal, prodigious, incredible, — he seemed to have read everything and forgotten nothing. Arthur Symonds says — “He is the only man I ever knew who really talked like a book. His sentences flowed on unhesitatingly, in lengthy periods, all the commas and semicolons almost visible to the eye.”

He was a versatile writer, his works in prose and poetry comprising some twenty titles, and extending over a period of nearly fifty years. For many years he wrote on contemporary German literature in the *Saturday Review*, while of his Italian studies he left a more permanent record in his excellent survey of Italian literature written as one of the *Short Histories of the Literatures of the World*, edited by his friend, Mr. Gosse. He will perhaps be longest remembered by his *Twilight of the Gods*, a book unique in our literature, being a collection of short stories replete with learning, imagination, fancy, and humor, and abounding in delicate irony; and by a wholly wise and delightful volume entitled *De Flagello Myrteo, Thoughts and Fancies on Love*. For our Bibliophile Society he wrote an Introduction to Dibdin's *Bibliomania*, for which he would accept no gratuity, and con-

tributed the Notes to the facsimile letters in the *Letters of Charles Lamb*. At his death he was President of the Hampstead Antiquarian Society, Vice-President of the Royal Society of Literature, and a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, the Danté Society, and of the Società Bibliografica Italiana.

The following is from the pen of Austin Dobson, for which we are indebted to Mr. W. D. Orcutt, of the University Press:—

RICHARD GARNETT

Sit tibi terra levis.

Of him we may say justly — Here was one
Who knew of most things more than any other; —
Who loved all Learning underneath the sun,
And looked on every Learner as a brother.

Nor was this all. For those who knew him, knew,
However far his lore's domain extended,
He held its quiet "Poet's Corner" too,
Where Mirth and Song and Irony were blended.

AUSTIN DOBSON

April 26, 1906.

MR. W. MARTIN JONES was born at Manlius, N. Y., July 24, 1841, and died at his home in Rochester, N. Y., on May 3, 1906. He was an able lawyer, a zealous reformer, and a politician in the highest sense of the term. He obtained much of his inspiration when a young man from close association with Lincoln and Seward at Washington, having been Seward's private secretary. But he was an independent thinker, and a skilful pleader in any cause which enlisted his convictions and sympathies.

One of the exalted honors that fell to Mr. Jones was his appointment by the State Bar Association to devise a plan for international arbitration, to be presented to the

conference at The Hague. The plan which he originated was adopted, and, being transmitted in elaborate form to The Hague, largely suggested the final action there taken.

Shortly after the war with Spain there appeared a most important paper from the pen of Mr. Jones in the columns of *The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*. This was an elaborate and original argument in favor of paying a sum of money to Spain in consideration of our retention of the Philippines. It was the first extended plea that had been made for such action; it attracted wide attention, and it was so convincing that the policy advocated was adopted in the negotiations for a treaty of peace.

Mr. Jones was a man of tireless activity and brilliant accomplishments; an educator, a man of pure character, of lofty ideals, and of good deeds. As a citizen he was held in the highest respect.

MR. SAMUEL H. KAUFFMANN, one of Washington's most distinguished men, died at his home in Washington, March 14, 1906. He was born in Wayne County, Ohio, April 30, 1829, and spent his boyhood on his father's farm, receiving his early education in the public schools.

In 1854 he became the editor of a newspaper at Zanesville, Ohio, in which occupation he continued till 1861, when he was called to Washington by Secretary Chase, and was appointed to a confidential position in the Treasury Department.

In 1867 Mr. Kauffmann united with some other gentlemen in the purchase of *The Washington Evening Star*, and for the past twenty years has been president of The Evening Star Newspaper Company. He was one of the founders of The American Newspaper Publishers' Association, and for three terms was its president. He was always interested in every movement that looked to the

improvement of Washington and the betterment of its people. He was the first person to suggest and persistently urge the establishment of the Natural Museum.

In 1881 he became a trustee of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, and was president of that institution since 1894. He was probably the highest authority on equestrian statues in America, and at the time his health failed was contemplating to write a work on the equestrian statues of the world, for which he had collected much material.

Mr. Kauffmann was the owner of a very valuable library, which he had built up with the utmost discrimination. He ransacked the book shops of Europe for rare volumes, and his collection is well known for its assemblage of standard works of general literature, science, art, travel, biography, and history; it also comprises a most complete collection of books on the art of printing.

In all that constitutes the truest and best type of manhood, as a devoted father, as a citizen who ever sought to promote the prosperity of the city in which he lived and which he loved, and as a loyal and affectionate friend he was equaled by few, excelled by none.

Mr. Kauffmann's membership in The Bibliophile Society has been transferred to his son, Victor H. Kauffmann, a gentleman of true bookloving impulses, who succeeds his father in business, and in the ownership of his priceless library possessions.

MR. AMOS A. L. SMITH was one of the leading lawyers of Milwaukee, and a member of the law firm Winkler, Flanders, Smith, Bottum & Fawsett; he died very suddenly at his home on the 16th of December, 1906.

Mr. Smith was born September 8, 1849, at Appleton,

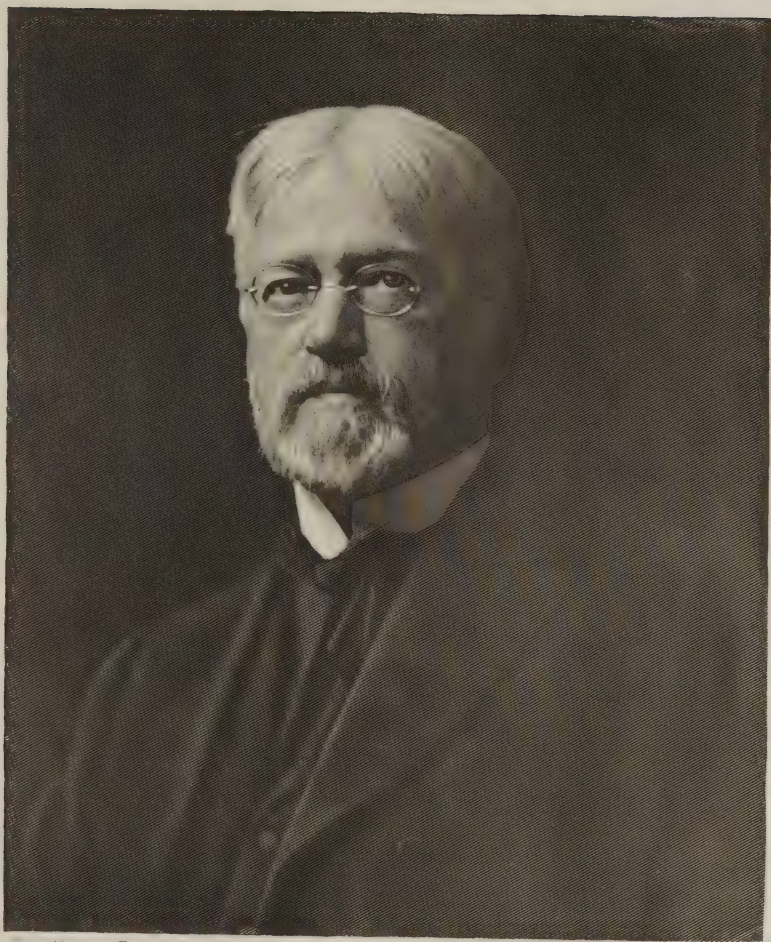
Wisconsin, being the first white child born in that place. His father, the Reverend Reeder Smith, came to Appleton among the first pioneers as the representative of Amos A. Lawrence, of Boston, for the purpose of establishing a college associated with the Methodist Church, which became known as Lawrence University.

Mr. Amos A. L. Smith entered Lawrence University and completed the sophomore year. He was graduated from the Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, in 1872, winning the highest prizes for oratory and English composition.

After graduation he worked first as correspondent, and later on the editorial force of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* for about two years. In the meantime he had commenced the study of law. In 1874 he went to Milwaukee and, completing his law studies, was admitted to the bar. In his early practice he was for a time associated with the late United States Senator Mathew H. Carpenter. In January, 1883, he became associated with the firm, as then constituted, of which he continued to be a member to the time of his death. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of a large clientage.

Mr. Smith was a genuine booklover. He had a well-chosen library to which he delighted to add from time to time the best specimens of the book-maker's art. He was a connoisseur of fine bindings and illustrations. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to sit down with an appreciative friend and turn the pages of a new or rare volume, or to read aloud from his favorite authors. His membership in The Bibliophile Society has been transferred to his widow.

JAMES MILLS WOOLWORTH, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the United States, passed away June



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James M. Woolworth

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

16, 1906, after an intermittent illness of about two years. He was born at Onondaga, N. Y., June 28, 1829, and therefore lived to within a few days of seventy-seven years. He was of English descent, and his ancestors were distinguished for intellectual ability. Mr. Woolworth was graduated from Hamilton College in 1849, and was admitted to the bar in 1854. After a short practice at Syracuse, N. Y., tempted by the possibilities of the west, he went to Omaha, Nebraska, and almost immediately became an important figure in the political and social life of that community. His absorbing interest in Omaha and the State is attested by his volume, *Nebraska in 1857*.

He was admitted to the United States Supreme Court in 1862. In 1875 Racine College conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him; in 1893, the University of Nebraska gave him the degree of Doctor of Humanities, and he received the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws from Trinity University at Toronto. The distinguished Judge Wakeley, of Omaha, said, —

“The death of James M. Woolworth, after a continuous connection for fifty years with the legal, business, and social life and affairs of Omaha, cannot but make a deep and permanent impression on this community. Holding an unchallenged place in the very front rank of the bar of this State, and an enviable and distinguished position throughout the Union, he greatly aided in giving the bar of his own city and State a highly creditable standing outside of its own limits. Without disparagement to others who succeed him, the special place which he occupied uninterruptedly for half a century will not be filled. His election as President of the American Bar Association was a signal proof of the high estimation in which he was held by his professional brethren in all the States.”

Not only was Mr. Woolworth eminent as a lawyer, but he was also noted as a pillar of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was chancellor of the Nebraska diocese from the time of its organization to his death.

Mr. Woolworth's published addresses, chiefly on legal and educational topics, are too numerous to notice here in detail; one specially notable address was that which he delivered at Saratoga in 1888, before the American Bar Association on "Jurisprudence Considered as a Branch of Social Science." His work entitled *The Cathedral in America* is a recognized classic of its kind.

Judge Woolworth's library is one of the largest and most valuable in the State of Nebraska. Besides an extensive law library, he had gathered a miscellaneous collection of rare editions and richly bound copies of English and American classics.

Mr. Woolworth's membership in The Bibliophile Society has been transferred to his son-in-law, Mr. Edmund M. Fairfield.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY

ARTICLE I

NAME AND OBJECT

SECTION 1. This Society shall be called The Bibliophile Society.

SECT. 2. Its object shall be the study and promotion of the arts pertaining to fine book-making and illustrating, and the occasional publication of specially designed and illustrated books, for distribution among its members at a minimum cost of production.

ARTICLE II

ORIGIN AND MEMBERSHIP

SECT. 1. This Society is founded by Nathan Haskell Dole, Charles E. Hurd, William D. T. Trefry, Henry H. Harper, J. Arnold Farrer, W. P. Trent, and John Paul Bocock, who constitute themselves its members, together with others who may be elected as hereinafter provided.

ARTICLE III

MEETINGS

SECT. 1. Annual meetings of The Bibliophile Society shall be held on the first Tuesday in January of each

year at Room 1010, Colonial Building, Boston, Mass., and five (5) members shall constitute a quorum at all meetings of the Society.

ARTICLE IV

GOVERNMENT

SECT. 1. The government and management of this Society is entrusted to a Council, composed of seven of its members, who shall exercise the usual powers of a Board of Directors, in accordance with the Act under which the Society is incorporated.

SECT. 2. The Directors named on the certificate of incorporation shall hold office until their successors shall be elected. There shall be held an annual meeting of the Council on the first Tuesday in January of each year, for the purpose of transacting such business as may come before the Society. At any such meeting, any officer or director may be removed from office by a majority vote of the entire Council.

SECT. 3. Members to fill vacancies in the Council, in the interim between any two regular annual meetings, may be appointed by the President. They shall hold office until a successor is elected.

SECT. 4. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. The Council shall be chosen annually by the members. The Secretary and Treasurer shall be chosen by the members of the Society.

ARTICLE V

SECT. 1. The Council shall elect annually from its own number a President and Vice-President of the Society, who shall hold office until their successors are elected.

SECT. 2. The Council shall have power to admit, by ballot, candidates for membership in the Society. Two ballots cast in the negative shall exclude any candidate.

SECT. 3. The Council shall have power to expel or suspend any member of the Society by a majority vote, after giving one month's previous notice in writing to such member, setting forth cause for expulsion.

SECT. 4. If any member shall pass three successive publications of the Society, such failure to subscribe for the works issued shall be construed as an implied lack of interest in the Society, and such member may be dropped from the rolls at the discretion of the Council. The object of this rule is not to force members involuntarily to subscribe for the publications, but there being no annual dues, this seems to be the only means of preventing any one from holding a membership for an indefinite period without profit to himself or advantage to the Society, and thus prevent others on the waiting list from enjoying the privileges of membership.

SECT. 5. The Council shall have power to make rules for its own government.

ARTICLE VI

THE PRESIDENT

SECT. 1. The President shall preside at the meetings of the Society or of the Council, and in his absence the Vice-President shall preside.

ARTICLE VII

THE TREASURER

SECT. 1. The Treasurer shall collect all initiation fees, and shall keep the accounts of the Society. It shall be

his duty to collect all moneys due the Society, and to render at each annual meeting a statement showing the receipt and expenditure of such; and he shall have the custody of the funds and accounts of the Society, and sign all checks, acceptances, and other obligations issued by the Society.

ARTICLE VIII

THE SECRETARY

SECT. 1. The Secretary shall give notice of all annual meetings of the Society seven days before date of meeting, and shall keep an accurate record of the proceedings of such meetings.

ARTICLE IX

MEMBERSHIP

SECT. 1. Application for membership must be submitted to the Society in writing, and passed upon by the Council.

SECT. 2. The membership of this Society shall be limited to five hundred members, to which no one not having attained majority shall be eligible, and it is desired to include in the membership only representative people who are interested in limited publications and rare books, from the standpoint of their true literary and artistic worth; the Society reserving the right to reject any application for membership without assigning cause.

SECT. 3. No act or deed of any officer, member, board of selection, or committee of this Society shall bind any individual member thereof to any obligation without his (or her) voluntary acquiescence in writing

addressed to the Society, and in such case the amount of the obligation shall be stipulated.

ARTICLE X

ENTRANCE FEE

SECT. 1. The entrance fee for each member shall be \$10.00. There shall be no prescribed annual dues. If payment of the entrance fee is not made within thirty days after the election of a member, the membership may be declared void by the Council.

ARTICLE XI

MEETINGS OF THE COUNCIL

SECT. 1. The Council may meet at such time and place as it may elect.

SECT. 2. A majority of the Council shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE XII

COMMITTEES

SECT. 1. The Council shall in itself constitute a committee of selection, whose duty it shall be to determine upon the advisability of publishing such works or editions of works as may be recommended to the Society. A majority vote shall govern in all cases.

ARTICLE XIII

PUBLICATIONS

SECT. 1. The Society solicits the co-operation of its members in suggesting and recommending suitable works

for publication. All such suggestions and recommendations shall be submitted to the Council, who will print a list of the most desirable works under consideration, a copy of which list shall be mailed to each member of the Society, with the request that all members shall indicate their preference of one from among the works suggested (it being understood that such act shall in no case be construed as an obligation upon the part of the member to subscribe for a copy of such work), and the work receiving the largest number of votes shall be taken under advisement by the Council, whose duty it shall be to ascertain the cost of production, and to report to all members of the Society of the name, number of volumes, terms of subscription, and price of such work; then, if within thirty days the Society shall receive a sufficient number of membership subscriptions to justify, the work will be undertaken.

SECT. 2. In no case may the total number of copies of any edition issued exceed the enrolled membership of the Society, which shall be limited to five hundred.

SECT. 3. No subscription may be received for any publication of the Society later than six months following the announcement of such publication, except by special permission of the Council, who may at their discretion declare an edition closed within thirty days from the date of announcement.

SECT. 4. In no case shall a copy of any publication issued by this Society be offered for sale to a non-member, except by special authorization by the Council.

SECT. 5. Any member failing to pay an obligation within sixty days after having been notified in writing of the same, shall be subject to expulsion from the membership at the discretion of the Council.

ARTICLE XIV

CONSTRUCTION OF CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS, AND
PROVISION FOR SUCH OTHER AND FURTHER RULES
AND REGULATIONS AS ARE NOT PROVIDED FOR
IN SAME

SECT. 1. In respect to all questions of construction of the constitution and by-laws, the decision of the Council shall control and be binding.

SECT. 2. The Council shall make such other and further rules and regulations for the government of the Society as in their judgment are required.

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